What Jim Bridger and I saw
in the Yellowstone
National Park
by
C F Adams

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C—all "All aboard," Short Line Conductor,
H—ave a cigar, "Carolina Perfecto."
A—re you going farther than Pocatello?
R—eally you seem a jolly good fellow,
L—et her go for Yellowstone Park,
E—very one here is out for a lark,
S—ix jolly days from time you start.

F—riends say I'm fat and forty-four,
R—eally, they agree I'm not a bore;
A—nd when you view me round and round
N—o one can guess the number of pounds.
C—ertainly my figure has fled
I—t tips the scales and weighs like lead,
S—edate? Never. Stately? No. Jolly? I should say so.

A—nd when I'm home I "tend to 'biz,'"
"**D**—ern'd hard work," that's what 'tis;
A—man must work, a man may play,
M—erry should he be on vacation day,
S—ix jolly days I shall be away.

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YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

"See Europe if you will, but see America first."

This saying had its birth in the brain of Fisher Harris, Secretary of the Salt Lake Commercial Club, a Virginian by birth, with two-thirds of his life spent in Salt Lake City. A romancer living close to and in his dreams encamped with Nature. Such a person can not live long in surroundings that the Creator has so lavishly bestowed its beauties and wonders upon, as Salt Lake and its tributary territory, without bursting forth in a salutation to the whole world, to come and bear witness of and enjoy these great marvels.

Three great wonders of the world—The Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Great Salt Lake, The Yellowstone National Park.

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SALT LAKE CITY, THE GATEWAY.

A railroad is being projected from Salt Lake City to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, through Southern Utah, where are the world's greatest Natural Bridges. Here also are the relics of the Cliff Dwellers, who passed from the earth centuries ago; here also are the world-renowned Book Cliffs, where storms of ages have carved from the sandstone, temples, minarets, castles and palaces so weird and grotesque as to defy description.

Salt Lake City is a starting point for the Yellowstone National Park. Twelve hours by rail. A night's run.

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EARLY HISTORY OF THE PARK.

Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, 1801 to 1805, during which time the Louisiana Purchase was negotiated and concluded, conveying that portion north of Lake Yellowstone, belonging to France, to the United States, President Tyler, 1847, after the Mexican war, by purchase from Mexico, then belonging to Spain, all that portion south of Lake Yellowstone, the United States became the possessor of what

is now one of the greatest wonders of the world, though at that time they knew nothing of what they were acquiring. If the Indians knew anything of the wonders of the Park through superstitious fear, they kept it to themselves.

On the return of the Lewis and Clark expedition, on reaching Fort Mandan, August 15th, 1806, one John Colter, applied for permission to leave the expedition, and, joining the two trappers, go up the Yellowstone River for the purpose of trapping and trading in furs. He was the first white man to set foot within the territory of the Yellowstone National Park. Remaining on the upper rivers until the spring of 1807 he discovered the Tar Spring and the Stinking Water. Tar Spring is now called Colter's Hell, and the Stinking Water is now known as Shoshone River.

Joseph Meek, a trapper, in 1829, his company had a brush with the Blackfeet Indians. He lost his horse and became separated from his companions near the Park country, and after four days' wanderings, climbed a hill to get his bearings, when, lo! there, beneath him, were boiling springs from which vapor arose for hundreds of feet. He was among the first to see the Geysers.

James Bridger, a Virginian, visited the Park regions as early as 1830. He was also a trapper, and became a well-known guide, scout and character throughout the West. His wonderful stories of the Park were discredited and termed as "Old Jim Bridger's lies." At first he told the truth, but as no one would believe him, he began to fix them up to suit the occasion, though based upon facts.

He described mountain streams that came down so fast, that although cold at the spring, were boiling hot from friction at the base, and that the water ran so fast in other streams that the rocks in the bed became hot (this is partially true—there are hot rocks in the bed of the Yellowstone and other streams, but not from friction.)

He told of catching a fish in the cold waters of Yellowstone Lake, and when he took it from the waters it had cooked on the way out. It is true that at Thumb lunch station, at a point on Yellowstone Lake you can catch a fish in its cold waters, and without moving out of your tracks, or removing the fish from the hook, drop it into a boiling pool and cook it.

In describing the Obsidian Cliff, a mass of black volcanic glass, which all tourists see on the road to Mammoth Hot Springs, he said: "Coming one day in sight of an elk, I took careful aim and fired at the animal, but to my surprise, the animal was not wounded, and apparently did not hear the

report. I fired again and again with the same result; exasperated, I took my rifle by the barrel and rushing at the animal, crashed into an immovable wall, which proved to be a mountain of transparent glass, on the other side of which was that elk grazing, that mountain was not only of pure glass, but was a perfect transparent lens, and that elk was twenty-five miles away."

In describing Alum Creek, a tributary of the Yellowstone, he said: "I forded the creek one day and rode out several miles and back, and noticed that the return journey was much shorter, and that the horse's feet had shrunk to mere points, so that the aniaml could hardly hobble. Seeking the cause, found it to be the astringent quality of the water saturated with alum to such an extent that it puckered even distance."

His story of the petrified forest: When, after traveling six weeks through snow, in some cases fifty feet deep, coming through a canyon, got into a prairie where green grass, green leaves upon green trees, and birds singing in them, and this in the month of February. Their animals made a dash for it, and he took a shot at one of the birds, knocking it down, went and picked it up and found it like stone, the same with the trees, the grass and the leaves.

March 1st, 1872—President Grant signed the bill creating Yellowstone National Park, and today the whole world may enjoy its wonders, travel in Concord coaches over good roads, sprinkled each day to lay the dust, with hotels at all the main points of interest, having all the essential modern appurtenances of first-class hotels, The Wylie Way, or the Shaw Powell way, both consisting virtually of hotels under canvas. There are also several movable camping companies, and you will also see a number of sage-brush tourists while going through. Sage-brush tourists are people who live near the Park, or others who get an outfit and drive through the Park cooking and camping as they go.

There are certain things that seem to go with a place better than anything that can be substituted, even though more modern, seemingly more comfortable, and quicker. In the Park, however, you do not begrudge the time, it is all too quick in the coaches, and you want to turn right back and go through again, as you come out. It is truly said that there can be no substitute for the Concord coaches as a conveyance through the Park. They take you and your suit cases through comfortably, cheerily, traveling about six miles an hour.

The Skillet Road.

When you have been assigned to your coach and have

taken your seat, you look into the faces of your traveling companions, and size them up, as it were, for you are to be with them five days if you all go right through, and you can't long to be strangers and enjoy the trip, the quarters are too close, and you can't keep quiet when approaching such wonders as are constantly being viewed from both sides of your carriage.

When your coach is well under way, you will begin to ask questions of your driver. "Truthful lies," a little pamphlet, written by one of the drivers, tells some of the questions that have been asked."

How far apart are the mile posts?
When will we come to another mile post?
Do they take the mile posts up after the park closes?
When do we come to a geyser?
Do all geysers play?
How do they play?
Do the geysers freeze up in winter?
What are your horses' names?
Which are the leaders?
Which are the wheelers?
Why are they called leaders?
Why are they called wheelers?
What kind of people did you have last trip?
What did they look like?
Have you a steady girl?
How many?

Some of the Answers.

The flowers are all wild, but harmless.

Some of the trees have to be fenced to keep them from leaving.

You can always tell the dog trees by their bark.

The roads don't go anywhere; they always stay in the same place.

On approaching Twin Lakes, one green, and the other a deep blue—someone asked: "What makes one of those lakes green and the other blue?" "The driver answered: "I don't know what made the one green, but the blue one was caused by the wind." "How?" "Well, you see they had a wind storm here one day, and the wind blew it."

"Driver, can you sing?"

"Yes."

"Let's hear you."

"A savage and a Heaver went for a stroll one night,

They went rotten logging, and the moon was shining bright.
They went out in the timber where they could love and spoon,
And the only thing that saw them was the man up in the moon."

Driver, on being asked why he didn't cross the bridge instead of fording the creek, replied: "Well, you see there are a couple of sleepers under it and I hated to wake them up."

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"The Swaddies"—The Soldiers in the Park.
"The Heavers"—The girls who work in the hotels.
"The Savages"—The two and four horse drivers.
"The Skinners"—Men who drive six horses.

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Leaving Yellowstone very shortly, you enter the Park at the West Gate, which is said to be the Pioneer Entrance to the Park—as it is claimed John Colter and James Bridger came in by this route.

Just before eleven o'clock we saw a doe with two fawn feeding in a small clearing not fifty feet from the road. A young man got out and took their picture, but when he snapped the camera and walking a little nearer, he stepped on a twig, the pretty creatures bounded off into the timber.

Badgers and other small animals are seen continually close to the road. All the animals in the Park seem to know that they are protected by their "Uncle Sam," and are not afraid, and claim their rights to go where they will and satisfy any desire or curiosity.

The first stop after leaving Yellowstone Station is Hell's Half-Acre. The coach stops at a platform and getting out you cross the Fire Hole River on a rustic foot bridge, then up steps and across a plain to Excelsior Geyser. Though inactive, it pours in a steady flow a large volume of water into the Fire Hole River. The coaches drive around to the south side and wait for the passengers there.

Fire Hole Lake, a little farther on, is surely worth the trouble to get to it. There is nothing in the Park that even resembles it.

An energetic man in our party said: "Fire Hole Lake—that sounds good to me," and got right out of the coach and started for it. His wife called to him, "Here, dear, you are not a Yellowstone Guide, you're my husband; come back here

and help me out." All of us men wondered at her helplessness and glad our wives were not like her.

Fire Hole Lake is a pool of clear, hot water, down in its depths are flames of blue fire, burning and coming from out the earth below the waters, and by them unquenched.

The word Geyser is of Icelandic origin, and comes from the verb Geysa, to gush, and they certainly do. "Old Faithful," in Yellowstone Park, is the most perfect example known, and I had this Geyser described to me as follows:

"An irregular tube ascending from some interior source of heat. The mouth of this tube, a self-built mound. Into this tube meteoric water finds its way, and is subjected to the action of heat. The result is an eruption and expulsion of the water from the tube with great violence. The eruption is preceded by slight preliminary upheavels. After cessation of the eruption there is a heavy escape of steam.

The Fountain Hotel at the Lower Geyser Basin is reached about eleven o'clock, where lunch is served. Here we had our first glimpse of a geyser. Anyone who has not stood by a geyser waiting for it to play, can not realize what the sensation is. You turn into a human geyser yourself, and your internal emotions act in perfect accord with the internal disturbances within the geyser tube. A deep rumbling from the bowels of the earth warning you that something awful is going to happen, just what, you do not know, but something awful, you are sure. Then boiling water, steam and vapor shoot up about five feet. You get a little farther back, but with your eyes riveted right on this awful thing. Then it shoots up again, then again, then with a frightful roar, boiling water, steam and vapor shoot up into the air, a distance of a hundred feet or more, and you stand there spellbound, watching this wonderful "hellish" thing, yet beautiful beyond description. A beautiful rainbow may show itself for a moment in the clouds of vapor. Colors from the sun's rays cause it to sparkle and spit at you like a cat, tears in all the colors imaginable and never before imagined drop out and turn white as they fall to the silica cone forming the crater.

Tod Helmuth tells it this way:

"That the Devil quietly rakes up the coals."
And up spouts the water in jets through the holes.
One may tell by the number of spouts when they come,
How many poor mortals the Devil takes home.
But Yankees can sometimes, without doing evil,
O'ermatch in sagacity even the Devil.
For, not long ago, Uncle Sam came that way,
And said to himself, "Here's the Devil to pay."

Successful I've been in all previous wars;
Now, Satan shall bow to the Stripes and the Stars.

The lower Geyser Basin, where stands the Fountain Hotel, has an area of thirty square miles. About one-fourth of a mile from the hotel is a geyser of the same name, "The Fountain Geyser," which plays at intervals of three to four hours. The Great Fountain Geyser, a mile and a half southeast of the hotel, is the chief wonder of the basin. Surprise Pool, The Eggshell, Hot Lake, Steady Geyser, Young Hopeful, Excelsior Geyser, Preysmatic Lake, and much else, but I must speak of the Mammoth Paint Pots. A circle about a hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by a rustic fence, the whole one boiling, bubbling furnace of clay, in one spot white, another joining it pink, another blue, another green, and all in the same boiling pit, a wonderful, beautiful spectacle.

Lower Geyser Basin to Upper Geyser Basin, distance nine miles—As you go from one point to another in the Park you travel much of the way through Christmas Tree Forests. These trees are as straight as an arrow, and the ground beneath is a carpet of ferns, and wild flowers in great variety, profusion and beauty.

I am not going to try to describe the wonderful and beautiful things that continually confront the tourist in the Park, and can only briefly touch upon the more important spectacles. In the upper Geyser Basin, the Devil seems to have set his imprint of supremacy. In whatever way you look, uncanny spirits seem to be stirring up fiery furnaces.

But geysers are not the only features of interest.

Reared among the White Mountains of New Hampshire, I remember a dark pool near Mt. Washington, called Emerald Pool. There is also an Emerald pool in Yellowstone Park. One of the finest quiescent springs in the Park. Unless a person has stood at the edge of "Morning Glory"—a quiescent pool—nothing I can say presents to their imagination a picture giving any conception of its beauty. To one who has seen it, it remains a ceaseless joy in its beautiful remembrances.

As Mrs. Adams and myself stood looking into it, we were speechless. The sun was shining directly into it, the bluish shade of its waters irredescent, shading colors—amber, green, yellow, blue, soft mild quiet glorious colors—then, as we looked on down into its depths, the darker, sterner shades, harsher, colder, then to its crusted edges, closely dotted with crystals, each reflecting a different hue from the sun's rays, sparkling as diamonds, rubies, garnets, moonstones, sapphires, all the precious stones; we knew no artist's brush, no poet's pen, no silver tongue could express the beauty, the glory, the inspira-

tion we had both experienced in this most wonderfully beautiful, mysterious expression of God's marvels. Just then a geyser shot up into the air a hundred feet its vaporous waters, we turned to look at the "wonders of Hell," only to turn back to the exquisite and quiet wonders—Heavenly.

After getting into our carriage, I closed my eyes in speechless wonder and my memory will ever retain a picture of its marvelous beauty. It is only about ten feet across it, but I believe there is no other spot on the earth's crust so beautiful.

There is a pool in the Park called the washtub. I threw my handkerchief into it, it immediately drew it down into its depths out of sight, boiled it clean and sent it back to me. When it came to the surface I took a stick and fished it out, taking it off the stick I burned the ends of two fingers and thumb so that all three were blistered.

Three young men tramping through the Park thought they would wash their stockings. One was unfortunate, as only one of his came back. A year later he was employed in the Park as a guide. Taking a party of tourists to this pool, he told them the story of washing his stockings the year before. He must have been heard and recognized down below, for while he was talking the pool threw back to the surface his stocking of the year before.

Another pool is used to heat a greenhouse. The greenhouse being built over it, the pool being in the center, and lettuce and other vegetables are grown there and served at the hotel.

There is one man-made structure in the Park that looks as though it grew there, and the fact is, every timber and twig in it did, and that is "Old Faithful Inn." Try to imagine an immense structure towering up into the air fifty feet or more, the main structure with wings and nooks, a broad veranda giving nice, quiet little secluded spots—a young fellow's delight, an old fellow's (with sheep's eyes) joy—to come unexpectedly upon the young women with their pretty faces and attractive outing costumes.

Even a person void of the builders' art, void of instincts to appreciate the highest architectural art here displayed, marvels at what he beholds, the big double doors with handmade, wrought iron knocker, hinges and bolts, leading into an inside court, covered only by the roof, some fifty feet above. The stairway leading by turns up to the top, and promenades on the different floors looking down into this court all made from logs, many twisted into appropriate and fantastic shapes for the particular spot by their unnatural growth from the knotted forest in the Park. In the center a chimney made

from boulders selected from the mountain sides, the chimney square, with a fireplace on the four sides, a huge corn-popper hanging against it, a knot hollowed out, with a lid on hinges, from which you can help yourself to salt, and a skeleton wrought iron clock with pendulum and weights; altogether the clock is some 20 feet long, a wonderful timepiece. A drinking fountain made from a silica cone from one of the geysers. Candles everywhere made into electric lights. Indian rugs on the floors, everything you see the same unique idea, without one unbroken link to show that it came from any other place. They say the architect forgot to shave, forgot to undress at night, or breakfast in the morning, he was so engrossed in his work. I wish I could describe it. All I can say is that the greatest travelers in the world say "There is nothing else in the world like it or to compare with Old Faithful Inn."

Then, what you see from its broad veranda surpasses any other one spot on earth. You see before you, both "Hell" and "Heaven," for once you can have your choice.

Old Faithful Inn takes its name from Old Faithful Geyser, not over a city block from it.

The upper Geyser Basin contains too much to give an adequate description of. Old Faithful Inn is your first night's stop, and you will surely want to remain an extra day at least. There are drives and walks and horseback rides one should not miss.

A week is even too short a time to see it all.

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A Visit to the CANVASS CITY, Upper Geysa Basin, Wylie Camp.

Rows and rows of tents on both sides of passage-ways, or as they are called, "Ways"—Pleasant Way, Rough Way, No Way, Tough Way, Simple Way, Narrow Way, Wrong Way, Right Way, Broadway, Forbidden Way.

Going down Forbidden Way, where the girls live, the tents are named: Do Drop Inn, Seldom Inn, Do Come Inn, Sneak Inn, Rough House Inn, Noisy Inn, Paradise Inn. In walking through Forbidden Way, with the "come-hither look" in my eye, and throwing an x-ray on the different Inns, and handing out a few comments just to let them know I was there. a number of them appeared. An athletic girl, six feet, weight 210 pounds, from Rough House Inn, came out and gave me a look, expressing about the same kindly feeling as a Grizzly when you are trying to get friendly with her cubs. All at

once she spoke, her voice sounding like the roar of a geyser: "Girls, shall we trough him?" I wasn't long getting back to the protection of my wife. I tell you it's not safe to go wandering around the Park alone. I asked someone what "troughing" meant. They said: "You see that trough over there? Well, it's picking a person up, carrying them over and dropping them in, and the water is so much colder than the air that the air can't freeze it."

Old Jim Bridger and I are the only Park visitors who, after coming out have really told what we saw in a perfectly straightforward way. I wish Jim were alive.

If you are past fifty, and want a perfectly gentlemanly dress-up trip, go Hotel Way. If you are under fifty and not too fresh and want the very best time, and meet the jolliest people you ever knew, go Wylie Way. The Wylie people employ young college men for drivers. They are kind to their horses, "on to their jobs," good to know, and there "with the blarney."

The help about the camps, from the "Spud-peeler" to the "Barn dog" and at the Upper Geyser Basin that season, one was a college professor; are all the same wholesome, lovable, intelligent class of young Americans. The girls are all college girls, and if they look as good in college dress as they do in their Park fixings—well, it's not uncommon to be obliged to go to an occulist after coming out of the Park; having become cross-eyed trying to look at them and not get caught.

If you are over fifty it's satisfaction to sit in front of an open grate, smoke and discuss political conditions. This the hotels give you. If you are under fifty and can get in front of a Wylie camp fire on a stump or fallen log, smoke and discuss things that count RIGHT THERE, get in on the Wylie cheers, Wylie songs, enjoy a Wylie laugh, or whirl in the open-air dance, possibly go rotten-logging—well, you'll have to take your choice—just satisfy yourself.

I'm not going to tell my age, but I stood the grate fire at Old Faithful Inn just as long as I could, then went up to the platform on the very tip-top of Old Faithful Inn, got in with the man who operates the search-light, and we did the meanest thing we could think of. I was jealous and I wanted to get square with those Wylie campers for what they threatened to do to me. We turned that search-light into the timber and searched until we found a couple "rotten-logging." We held the strong light right on them until they moved their comfortable, and—but for us—secluded spot, and drove them right back to the camp fire. We cleared the woods of every

living thing but the bears, and we made some of them hump themselves, too.

Mendelssohn's Concerto.

There is something so inspiring about Old Faithful Inn that it wields the power of attraction for all that is great and good passing that way.

One evening it was learned that some campers camped about half a mile away were a musical lot, and that one played the violin.

They were touring the Park, living with Nature. They agreed not to shave, to wear nothing but khaki suits, to imbibe all that Nature gave and give in return all their great endowments possessed. Such natures, among such surroundings, expand and give more than they realize.

They played to the geysers, and the geysers played to them, then they played together. I do not know this, but I should not wonder if extinct geysers did not become so charmed that they forgot their age and infirmities and played as of yore.

A delegation was sent to induce these musicians to come to the Inn and play, they came with an apology for their appearance.

This picturesque court of Old Faithful Inn that evening presented a scene no one present will ever forget.

The man with the violin, when asked to play, stepped forward, drssed in a khaki suit stained from weather and camp life, an unshaven face, a thick head of hair hanging over neck and ears, in waves disheveled.

One person said: "I thought we had seen all the freaks in the Park," but with all said, that face and form bespoke their attributes.

He slipped a red bandana handkerchief under his chin, raised the violin into place, adjusted the strings to the correct pitch. All present looked at him, then at each other, in doubt as to what they might expect.

All at once the man threw back his head, closing his eyes, drew his bow across the strings; there was no accompaniment, just himself and his violin. The notes came clear and sweet, like a bird calling its mate, then swelling in double chords, their harmony filling the court, then sinking again into marvelous sweetness, touching every heart, then with brilliant execution and wonderful touch, the sounds came forth from that violin, a love tryst so beautiful, speaking to the heart as never before; the player swaying with his song, those listening leaning forward, nearer, nearer, with tear-dimmed eyes

These beautiful sounds were just at this moment accompanied by a geyser, ending in a subdued melody, just as the vaporous waters sank into the crater of Old Faithful.

Spellbound, all stood watching this figure with violin vanish in the darkness back to his camp, not a sound could they utter to call him back, they knew they had listened to a great artist, accompanied by Nature, their hearts were too full for words, but no one will ever forget Willard Weihe, the idol of the Rockies, Salt Lake City.

This beautiful song, so marvelously rendered, soaring to the realms above, cast a calm and peace over what appears to be the realms of Hell, Upper Geyser Basin, Yellowstone National Park.

On leaving, your coach stops at Kepler Cascade, about a mile and a half from Old Faithful Inn. These pretty little falls charm you even amid these wonderful surroundings. It is nineteen miles to Yellowstone Lake, eight miles out, you experience your first crossing of the continental divide. On the doubtful ground between two oceans, squarely on top, is a lily-covered pond, having an eastern and western outlet, finding their way into the two oceans.

Ten miles out you reach Shoshone Point and look out over a tract of land walled in by mountains, in the basin of which can plainly be seen Shoshone Lake and beyond, the Three Teton Peaks, the highest of which is more than 14,000 feet. It should be called "Point Exclamation," for no one passes this point without exclaiming. A deaf and dumb person goes into violent convulsions, and if they live they gain their speech. A little farther on you again ascend the Continental Divide, then descend toward the Atlantic slope, and Yellowstone Lake.

Thumb lunch station, named so because it is located on an arm of the lake like a thumb projecting from a hand, of which lake Yellowstone is said to resemble.

It is at this point that you can catch a trout in the ice-cold waters of the lake, and without taking it off the hook and without stepping out of your tracks, drop it into a pool and cook it. There are many attractions at this point to interest the visitors.

Yellowstone Lake is one of great beauty, and both in area and altitude surpassed only by about two others in the whole world.

The altitude is nearly 8,000 feet, has a shore line of 100 miles and an area of about 140 miles.

From Thumb, the road follows around the shore to the

Lake Hotel, but the boat ride is so enchanting no one should miss it.

Leaving the pier at the Thumb, you pass through this arm into the Lake proper and to the extreme northwest corner, where is located the Lake Hotel.

Enthusiastic praise from the passengers is heard on all sides as you glide through the dark blue waters clear as crystal. The lake abounds with trout and many large birds, such as the white pelican, Canada geese, great blue heron, ducks, ring-billed gulls, and others, are seen flying over its waters to islands in the lake or to the mountains, which entirely surround it.

When you step out of the steamboat that carries you across, you wonder how it ever got up over the mountains to this lake.

The Lake Hotel, beautifully situated at the head of the lake, is a large Colonial structure like you see in the New England states, but the view from the broad piazza out between its Colonial columns, for actual beauty is unsurpassed. If you are fortunate enough as I was to witness a storm come from over the mountain tops, lift up the water of the lake, lashing the waves into white caps, the cold dark waters reflecting still darker clouds, lightning shooting across the mountains, the points of some of the highest looming up above the clouds and rain. When you yourself are all this time in the sunshine, you have added another picture to the walls of remembrance in your mental art gallery never to be forgotten.

By this time you have gotten on such intimate terms with the bears, that just back of the hotel you do as I did—feed out of your hand, and an old mother bear with two cubs, after she had boxed the ears of her little ones and sent them up a tree for safety.

That evening for dinner the head waiter honored us by seating us at the same table with a very distinguished Colonial dame, of uncertain age, who informed us immediately that she had traveled all the way out from Dorchester—a part of Boston—alone, that she had always gone everywhere alone, and did not know what she should do if she had a man to look after. I asked her if she ever worried. She said, "Lordy, no!" I told her that was right, not to. Then she started in and gave us a complete and detailed history of the founding of Boston, Paul Revere's ride, the battle of Bunker Hill, the Revolutionary war, and Boston up to date, without making one grammatical error. I told her she had a wonderful memory, and must have been quite young when some of those things happened and immediately left the table, just as she

asked the waiter to bring her a piece of Washington pie.

I determined that in the future I would tip the head-waiter the moment he appeared, and before entering the dining room.

The Cody road comes in at this point and I was told the mountain scenery was such along this road that they were obliged to invent a new word to describe it.

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YELLOWSTONE LAKE TO THE GRAND CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

Distance Seventeen Miles.—The road skirts the west bank of the Yellowstone River all the way, and you have plenty to interest you from the moment you enter the coach until you leave it at the Grand Canyon Hotel.

About seven miles out you reach the most weird, uncanny object, yet most fascinating you have witnessed.

It is so throughout the Park trip, everything you approach is just enough different to wreck your opinion as to which is the most wonderful. I speak of the Mud Volcano. It is an immense funnel-shaped crater in the side of the mountain. You drive up to the platform, and alighting from your coach you walk up the mountain-side a short distance, and stand awed and speechless at what you behold, the awful roar is heard long before you reach it. You look into a boiling, seething cauldron of thick, muddy water. The mud sinks into the funnel-shaped opening, until it clogs it, then, with an awful roar, the steam having accumulated sufficiently, lifts the mass of mud, boiling water and steam, with great violence into the air. These outbursts take place every few moments. They say occasionally the eruptions are so violent that this super-incumbent mass is lifted a hundred feet or more, covering the trees with a slime, and audible half a mile away.

Lack of time compels me to pass on to the Canyon Hotel, a palace located half a mile from the brink of the most beautiful and fascinating chasm in all the world. A million dollars was spent in erecting this hotel, and you are given full sway of its grandeur, and quiet, but effective hospitality, for $5.00 a day. I believe there is no other place on earth where you can spend $5.00 and get so much in return.

Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

If dropped into the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, could hardly be found. It is surpassed in size by many others, but

in wondrous beauty it has no equal. There are three distinct features, which united in the full glory of their surroundings, give to the human eye the most enchanting and captivating spectacle the Park possesses.

The three distinctive features I refer to are the Canyon itself, the Waterfall at its head, and the River below.

The Canyon is about 2,000 feet wide at the top, 1,700 feet deep, and 75 to 150 feet wide at the bottom, and about 25 miles long.

The Great Falls have no rival. The river, 250 feet wide, narrows down to 74 feet at the point where it leaps over a precipice 360 feet in its fall. At Niagara the line of the precipice is longer, and the volume of water as a whole greater, but the falls of the Yellowstone in height and the volume, narrowed down to 74 feet, make Niagara look like a mill dam, and this is no "Dam Lie" either.

The river, so distant down in the bottom of the Canyon, its rapid course is diminished apparently to the gentlest flow, its continuous roar subdued to a murmur. It plays hide and seek in its winding course, and appears where the shadows cover it, dark green, and in other places a bright green, and in the sunlight white foam. It bounds along displaying life with everything around it, silent and motionless.

Some of the more important points from which to view the canyon are Artist Point, Inspiration Point, Point Lookout, Grand View and the Steps.

Inspiration Point affords the grandest view and greatest expanse of panorama. To stand at this point, is to be oblivious to everything else, but the grandeur of what is before you. Let me for a moment close my eyes and memory recalls when I first beheld from Inspiration Point this picture painted by the ages, retouched each season by nature. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings, much less the grandeur and sublimity of what was before me, miles and miles of oriental tapestry hung on either side of these great walls with no shade wanting, except blue, and this is supplied from above. Two miles directly in front of me a veil nearly 400 feet long, white spray rising, following up its side, shooting out to kiss the cliffs, leaping back, laughing and sparkling with diamond tints.

Pinnacles rising apparently as slender as a finger 500 feet high, stand in front of and below you, sublime and inaccessible. Upon the very top of these spires there is just room enough for a single nest, and a score or more of eagles have built here their homes. These beautiful birds swoop down toward the stream until they look like sparrows, and soar among the lower regions of this beautiful chasm to rise again and light upon

their nest to be welcomed by a couple of little ones. These majestic sentinels form an interesting part of this wondrous picture. We now will go back the way we came, a couple of miles, and go down the steps a thousand feet, and stand on a platform built upon an overhanging ledge yet 700 feet above the stream. When standing on this platform you are in the midst of mystery, a phenomenon no one can solve, you hear the voice of this great cataract, but it tells no secrets.

Close to the edge of the stream you can distinguish hot springs and small geysers, down the banks flow cascades as tears down the cheek giving vent to emotions. In fact, your own emotions are so mixed with joy, sorrow, love, forgetfulness, that under such a strain you ought to be forgiven for getting sentimental with your companion.

Frances Calveard, being a woman, dreamed and wrote as follows:

The Bride of Yellowstone.

"It was night, and while the moon
With sweet music a love tryst kept,
I to the arms of Morpheus crept,
And I dreamt I heard the wedding march played.
Me thought I saw the Park arrayed
In festal robe. The miles and miles
Of Christmas trees were royal aisles.

On Pulpit Terrace the clergyman stood
To join in wedlock the woo'r and woo'd—
And maids from the mountains, dark and fair,
Scattered wild flowers everywhere;
While rivers and rocks, below and above,
Chanted together sweet songs of love.

Then came the bride, most regal and splendid,
The Yellowstone Falls, by the geysers attended;
Following, then, the clear springs and laughing
cascades—
Never had bride such lovely bridesmaids;
And never had groom such attendants, I ween,
As the lofty mountains that graced this scene.

Through the Golden Gate the procession came,
Then on to the Terrace of worthy fame,
Where the Grand Canyon in great glory and pride
Awaited the coming of his fair bride.

Then, 'mid the vales and mountains and skies,
To wondrous music God's service was read;
And the Belle of the Forest, the Yellowstone Falls,
To the Grand Canyon, her lover, was wed."

I want to say in response:

You may think this a vision, only a dream,
But it's really a fact, though fairy-like seems,
The glorious colors in the Canyon's array,
Viewed by thousands since that wedding day,
The Bride of the Canyon, still wearing her veil,
Smiled and threw me a kiss as I stood by the rail.

About two miles from the Canyon Hotel is a huge granite boulder, surrounded by trees, reminding one of a caged monster. It is said this is the only piece of granite in the Park, it is thought to have been dropped there during the glacial period.

The evening before I left the Grand Canyon Hotel, I went out to the dump, where the garbage and empty cans are thrown, to watch the bears come for their dinner. It is about half a mile from the hotel. When we arrived a black bear with two cubs and a brown bear with two cubs were already there. The black mother bear and the brown mother bear had a little quarrel, slapping each other and wrestling and biting each other, the little ones frolicing the while. It was an unusual and interesting sight, shortly we heard the cracking of small limbs and twigs, and out of the timber came a grizzly bear with three cubs, which I was told was very unusual. The black mother bear and the brown mother bear each cuffed their cubs and sent them up a tree on different sides of the small clearing, and each sat under the tree and every little while would walk around the tree growling, as they looked over at the big grizzly, busy feeding with her cubs, but they wisely kept their distance. About fifty people witnessed this, and two army men were there as guards, with their rifles. We were within 150 feet of the bears, and as it was light, we could see their every movement vividly.

I was asked to dance at the Canyon Hotel. They have hops every evening at all the Park Hotels. I didn't think I was asked altogether out of pity. Fat men, not so young, have reason to doubt their popularity with the fair young sex. I never wanted to do a thing so much in my life. I thought of my two hundred and thirty pounds, I thought of my heavy tramping shoes, I thought of myself yoked up with a blithe young figure, I thought of the contrast. I couldn't do it.

I went to the farthermost corner of the room and sat down. I felt like the last rose of summer before last.

The road over Mt. Washburn will be passable for coaches and open next year, and I hope to go again to enjoy this part of the Park. Leaving the canyon following the Yellowstone River, go over the top of Mt. Washburn and down into the Gardner Valley, and the Mammoth Hot Springs.

At eight o'clock in the morning we drove away from the Canyon Hotel, bound for Norris Geyser Basins, and reached there about eleven o'clock, where we remained for lunch.

At Norris Geyser Basin an enterprising Chinaman conceived the idea of establishing a laundry during the Park season.

"Washee while you wait."

He set up the laundry over one of the quiet pools of clear warm water. He got a bunch of clothes from some of the tourists and washed them, but accidentally tipping over the tubs, the soapy water started this extinct geyser playing. Those tourists remained in bed three days waiting for the Chinaman and their clothes to come down out of the clouds.

There are a dozen or more geysers, numerous pools, etc., to interest one. There is one "Hell" hole here that impressed me strongly. It is called the Black Growler. It throws out little water, but immense columns of steam. The deposit is black, and the roar is terrific, hence its name. There is a saucy little thing here called the Minute Man, and it shoots off about every minute, and always just when you are passing it, and the wind blows the hot water and steam against your face, you can get red cheeks or a red nose that will last several days—it will even take off freckles.

The guide pilots you over the formation, and gives an interesting lecture while doing so. In fact, this is done at all the stage stations.

As you walk over the formation at this point, you are cautioned in many places not to step off the plank walk, for in doing so you might break through the thin crust and be badly burned. You feel as though you were actually in purgatory.

I was told that some years ago an Irishman named Larry, was proprietor of this lunch station and was noted for his wit. One day an Italian Count was his guest, and at the table took more room than allowed. Larry said: "Mister, you will have to move up a little closer." The Count replied: "Sir, I am a Count." Larry replied: "That makes no difference, you only count for one here."

At another time, cold turkey was being served, a guest

insinuating that it was dry and tough, asked Larry where he got that bird. Larry replied that it came over in the Mayflower and walked it.

Another guest asked Larry if the geysers were ever known to all play at the same time. Larry replied: "Just once." "When?" asked the guest. Larry replied that "when Bob Ingersol died they all played all night."

Shortly after leaving Norris, on the left of the road, is another smaller basin containing several interesting features, one of the most interesting being a large crater known as the Mud Geyser, but it is unimportant as compared with others.

About four p. m. we passed out through the West Gate, and about two miles farther on reached Yellowstone Station, where our train awaited us.

The wonders of this Park got old Jim Bridger's goat, and I believe they'll get mine.

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After several conquests
Mostly in the mind,
Comes the aged benedict
Back to business grind.
Don't you see he's younger?
Don't you make the blunder
By telling him he "made no hit,"
And those he met "don't care a whit."

Just a little sunshine,
Just a little fun,
Brings a little gladness
To each and every one.
Don't misjudge the spirit,
Don't beguile what's in it.
Regard my thoughts in all their trend
As coming from a sincere friend.